UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

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THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVI. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1844. WHOLE NO. 1216.

Original Poetry.

HOME.

EXTRACT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY E. H. CHAPIN.

When the ranger treads in the far off west
To range the deer from his wild flower bed,
On the lone prairie or the forest-crowned, to rest
Or deep in the mountainous snows to tread—
When the sunshine turns with a tearful eye,
To leave the spot where his loved ones dwell,
To sail where the homeward winds are high,
And the waves answer responsively!
They think of the homes they have left behind,
That thought is a balm to the careworn mind,
And is all their resources of danger and fear,
In the perilous hour of need.
They look to the time when their homes shall appear
As a captivator seemed indeed.

"And yet," she repeated, "your pride must be appeased at the price of your happiness. I too am proud, and shall never suffer myself to be insulted again by your incomprehensible conversation. Good night!" And she walked proudly up the bank of the lake, and soon disappeared amid the clustering wild plantain and grapes, that formed the underwood of the dark oak forest. He gazed after her with straining eye, and a mingled expression of contempt and rage—then he could no longer perceive her white dress—and the foliage of the spring tree hid her last and paddled hastily away. About a mile down the lake he landed, and strode through an orchard of fine fruit trees, to a large and commodious farm house, into which he entered, and dropping on the nearest seat, leaned forward and rested his face in his hands.

"Where have you been now, Ed," asked a beautiful blue-eyed girl, accompanying her question with a most unpleasant smile.

"Tracking the school ma'am, I dare say," observed a little rosette looking old man. "If you cannot possibly live without her, do bring her home, and let your mother have her a little housekeeping, at least so much that she can cook you a dinner, for I don't believe they ever have any thing to cook at Howard's."

"I wish I had her under my thumb about six months," screamed the mother, a tall bony woman, with sharp eyes and nose; "I warrant you I'd rub some of her glow off amongst the wrash tubs, and pots and kettles. Edward would soon cease to worship her when he saw her all ripsh, and grease, growing in her awkward fingers as he sat up the work."

"Say no more about her I beseech you," replied Edward, in a voice of agony. "I have seen her, and we are parted forever."

"Then you are a fool" earnestly exclaimed a youth apparently seventeen. "If you are not your brother I must say you are a fool, if you have thrown away such a treasure as Myra Howard. I have often prayed that she would tread in think of marrying, I might find just such a girl as she, who would love me as I am sure she loves, or has loved you. The first man in America would have no cause to look up to presenting her in his friend, as his wife, and the poorest man would look for a helper and consoler. Notwithstanding all her accomplishments, she can work, and my sister would be her authority for it, in the most perfect manner in which Myra does her housework. I have been at Mr. Howard's often, and I know that she can make bread, cook meat, keep house well, and Myra does all the hard work and takes care of her little brothers, and keeps them in order besides attending to her duties at school in good season, and keeping over hours she does not find it necessary to go racketing about the streets like a common street girl to chum, in the very bosom of beauty, where sweet sights, and sounds, and sensations, filled the whole soul with happiness.

It was the last day of June. The sun was low, and the wary shadow of the crested hills lay softly in the lake's amphitheatre, while the painting rays damped upon the quiet lake in a thousand glittering pageants of gold and purple glory.

Within the willow bower, on the moss-cushioned rock, sat a young girl, with eyes like the blue lake before her, and form and face combining the spirits of all the loveliness around her. She was simply dressed, and there was an glitter of ornament amid her dishevelled hair; but the immortal gems of mental wealth shone on her brow with a holy lustre; and soul, and purity, marked every look and motion. It was evident, to a casual observer, that she was in a true woman; gentle, yet firm; tender, yet strong in embrace, yielding in all legitimate authority, yet throwing back the assumptions of tyranny, and the encroachments of all impurity, as the shadow rock thrown back upon itself the broken billow.

She looked along the lake with a sad and anxious expression, and occasionally used her kerchief to her eyes, to dry the tears that dimmed her vision. One would hardly have supposed that she was waiting for a lover, yet when a light skiff appeared rounding a headland, just below her bower, the sudden light that flashed from her cheeks, lips, and eyes betrayed her heart's interest in him who urged it over the bright expanse toward her. She rose as he approached, and he reared a white bow oar, as if spell-bound by admiration. He was a tall, well formed man, apparently twenty-five years of age, his features were handsome, his hair dark, and curling; and his eyes expressive, and uncommonly beautiful. But there was a pervading his whole person, a spirit of pride, or haughtiness, which detracted much from the interest of his appearance. He sensed his boat, and sprang to the side of the young girl, whose hand he press fondly to his lips.

The very soul of love beamed forth in her tender smile, revealing the depth of a heart, filled to overflowing with all generous and sweet emotions.

They sat down together, and earnest and tender were their words; at length the conversation became more grave, and apparently of a painful character. The light in the young maiden's eye, went slowly out; and a shadow of deep sorrow and disappointment over her beautiful face; her head drooped, and her form seemed rob of its youthful vigor. He was saying that his parents disapproved of his fancy for her.

"And what do they say to my charge?" she asked, in a tremulous voice.

"Nothing," he replied; "only your father is poor."

A lightning flash shot from her eye, and a deep flush came up to her forehead.

"I could wish," he continued, "that your family was more respectable; here you no rich relations?"

She rose in her feet, so changed in the expression of her whole person, that it was hardly possible to recognize in her the gentle loving girl of the previous moments. "No rich relations!" she repeated, in a tone of withering scorn. "And you wish that I were more respectably connected! Eh, enough, I now understand much that has been to me mysterious; I see your naked heart. You are pleased with my person, and yet your pride revolts at my poverty. You do not like to connect yourself with a family which has not a golden title of respectability. It is well; but suffer me to assure you that I would not for a thousand worlds more than your equal in all that constitutes true respectability. There is no stain on the name of my family that I should wish to exchange my name for yours."

"Is not be so bitterly offended?" he replied. "I do love you wholly and devotedly; I feel that without you life would be a very desert: but indeed I am almost too proud to marry a school mistress."

"Do not distress yourself about it," she replied, with calm dignity. "There is no necessity of your so distressing yourself. It is time for me to go home."

He caught her hand, "Myra! Myra! he stood, earnestly, the one half in part in anger. I can never love another as I love you. My heart is breaking, and yet!—

"And yet," she repeated, "your pride must be appeased at the price of your happiness. I too am proud, and shall never suffer myself to be insulted again by your incomprehensible conversation. Good night!" And she walked proudly up the bank of the lake, and soon disappeared amid the clustering wild plantain and grapes, that formed the underwood of the dark oak forest. He gazed after her with straining eye, and a mingled expression of contempt and rage—then he could no longer perceive her white dress—and the foliage of the spring tree hid her last and paddled hastily away. About a mile down the lake he landed, and strode through an orchard of fine fruit trees, to a large and commodious farm house, into which he entered, and dropping on the nearest seat, leaned forward and rested his face in his hands.

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"But," said the wife, "I am in pain for Myra. I fear that she has given her young affections to Edward Morris, whose family is not such an one as I could wish our child to enter."

"Yet," said Mr. Howard, "the young man is a very fine person, and well behaved, and it is a great wonder to me how such a man as Morris ever came by so manly a son. He is a little spoiled by his education, but he will outgrow that. His naturally noble spirit will at last throw off such shackles. True I had rather my daughter should not wed him, but if they are attached to each other, we shall make no objection. But it is strange that she stays so late. I will go and seek her."

He went out, and as he neared the little footpath, he gaze way to his emotions, and wept while he poured out a prayer for the boy. The confession of his one dear girl. Thus occupied, he did not observe the footstep Myra until he stood close before her. He paused and gazed with astonishment, and she arose to her feet, and laid her cold face in his bosom.

"Father!" she cried, "dear father, the idol I had made for my heart is worship is broken, turned to dust and ashes. I have been worshipping self in ruins, but I am now myself again, will weep no more."

"For mercy's sake, my child, explain yourself," cried Mr. Howard, "what have he not fallen you?"

"Father," she replied, "I have deemed Edward Morris a man worthy of my love—the delusion is dispelled; he is base enough to insult a woman by casting up the poverty of her family, and despising her occupation. This true—he asked if I had no rich relations, and said he was not to be proud to marry a schoolmistress. I returned proudly—and I have not been weeping for him."

"I hope you will never weep for him," said Mr. Howard, shaking down his indignation. "You have read the first painful chapter of human life; do not, my blessed child, adopt the popular error that your heart is broken. It is only the mirror of romance that is shattered; and soon through its branches will stream the pure light of reason. But come home quick; you are too damp and cold, and tremble like an aspen."

A severe and painful indisposition was the consequence to Myra Howard of that night's adventure. Kennedy did Edward Morris interest permission to speak in her during her illness, but she resolutely refused to see him. He sent letter after letter, but was deprived of her assistance, and burdened with the expenses of her illness, Mr. Howard became involved in pecuniary difficulties, and when despair was busy with the suffering family, a letter came from an uncle of Mrs. Howard, inviting them to a part of money, and urging their removal to Cincinnati, where many of their relatives resided. The pride of Mr. Howard was subdued by the necessities of his case, the kind remittance and communication with useful gratitude: and as Myra was now convalescent, and her health required a change in the vicinity of the lake Canandaigua, a farewell of mingled sorrow and joy.

"Well," remarked Mr. Morris, "I am glad Howard's relations have taken him away, for we should soon have had the family on the weigh."

"And I am glad," joined in Mrs. Morris, "that that little artful myra of a Mira is fairly out of Ed's reach."

"Mother," said Edward, "if I had not have offended her beyond all hope of forgiveness I should not deem her beyond my reach. I would go half round the globe to hear her say Edward Morris I forgive you."

"And you may go and half round the globe before you will find such another," interposed his young brother. "You may all believe me, Myra Howard is a girl of peculiar abilities; and you will all hear great things of her yet."

Later that, I fancy," sneered the sister. "But, Mercer, since you so worship Miss Howard, why have you not thought proper to call on her? Perhaps you had been jilted by the Cincinnati. You might possibly obtain your passage."

"And you, sister, for the suggestion." And an expression of joy lit up his face, which was soon displaced by a shade of keen agony.

A few years passed hastily by. Edward Morris was a married man; and a thrifty farmer. His wife was the daughter of a merchant that was a shoemaker's son, and was rich by hard work and close economy. His children received no education in childhood, and his daughter enough was sent to a boarding school after she attained her sixteenth year; she acquired a little music, a little polish, and a little of vulgarity and ignorance. Her education was a very summary garment, worn only on special occasions, while her every day garb was a tissue of vulgarity and ignorance. Edward her assumed mantle was sufficient to conceal those coarser materials. Edward Morris married her because she was a fine girl, and was a rose man's child. He did not regret that he did not love her, and he soon learned to despise her ignorance and affectation. She had no taste for reading, and her children received from her no mental culture at all. She was a discontented, foolish, haughty woman, and her husband of course a miserable man, and he ever think of the school mistress!

He had been married a few months, when he observed in a newspaper a poem headed by a familiar name, in the tone of which mingled so thrillingly with his spirit, that the tears came involuntarily up from their fountains, and fell fast on the paper. It was signed Myra. He started as if stung by a serpent. Was it Myra Howard? He felt that the poem was indeed an emanation from her soul; he knew it to be hers, and he wept as a child. The author has called a schoolmistress, and he could not think that one whom he had scorned was indeed such a one. And yet his very spirit writhed with a loving free for her, a hatred of himself, and a loathing of his heartless, soulless wife; mingled with tenderness, regret, shame, and fond recollections.

A months sped on, that sweet name Myra met his eye frequently, appended to most exquisite strains of poetry, and he read them with a high, holy, tender and refined. Yet he stifled his conviction, and yet still said to his swelling heart it is not Myra Howard.

Mercer Morris had meantime attained his majority, and left a home which had never been pleasant to him; and kindred, with whose minds his own had no sympathies. He had written home to say that he had obtained admission into an academy with the determination of obtaining an education. This one letter was the only intelligence received of him for years. Edward Morris had become a misanthropic man; almost a misanthrope. He attended to his business with mechanical precision, came home at usual times, and at night, as if it were a thing of course, sat with his family on different subjects, read his book, or paper, and passed long hours with head reclined, and apparently sight and touch them to be bound, in fetters, and obeerful, and they will doubtless be happy."

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"Holy St. Martha!" cried the dame, "why here is an equipage fit for a Prince!"

"I have some jewels to deliver to a rich citizen in the street Saint Denis," Elisa prudently replied. "You know, to be well received, dame, you must go well recommended by appearances."

"Oh, but you are shrewd, Compere," answered the hostess. "It is done with your usual address, and knowledge of mankind."

The old man shook his daughter into the middle, and then mounted himself with an ease and address which could have hardly been expected in a sexagenarian. In the same minute could hardly be deemed necessary to make the journey from the Rue Saint Antoine to the Louvre, but at the speed at which the vehicle, many streets were passed, and time could not, without getting covered with filth, walk through the dirty quarters, where the pavements guarded the foot passengers. It was not without a little misadventure that our beautiful Traders arrived at the end of their journey, and Elisa was quartered from head to foot, by a horse which insisted upon dancing in a corner, despite the reproofs of the coachman, and the efforts to direct them. Diana managed, by skilful manœuvres and happy chance, to preserve her equanimity unaltered. Arrived at last before the gate of the Louvre, she dismounted with a modest but confident air, and proceeded directly to announce her entrance.

The two sentinels crossed their halberds before her. "Ho! ho!" said one of the soldiers, who, despite his repulsive manners gendeavored to soften his voice a little in speaking to a pretty woman,—"People do not enter here after this fashion. I say," he continued as Diana seemed disposed to pursue, "I say you cannot enter here, my belle."

Elisa, who had approached when he saw Diana repulsed at the gate, retreated again, as he noticed the good humor of the soldiers. "It is impossible necessary that I should speak to his Majesty," said Diana.

"But his Majesty is not couched in this mode," said the soldiers, amused at the simplicity of the applicant. "Unless some powerful nobleman present and introduce you, it is useless to hope."

A sergeant advanced. "How long," he said, "has it been the custom for soldiers to hold a conversation with passengers? Eight hours in the cells, for this my men! As to you, girl, fall back! or I will call the drummer to aid your steps with the lash!"

Elisa approached and addressed the sergeant. "Monsieur l'officier," said he, in a low voice, "you have lost a piece of coin from your pocket. Permit me to return it to you."

"Did I not let me fall!" said the Sergeant, a little softened, as he pocketed the douz.

"Very possibly direct—since it is impossible to find a way to permit that girl to enter the palace."

The sergeant stroked his moustache, and reflected some moments—

"It is a question of life and death!" hastily interrupted Diana, and such a warm interest in the sergeant she added, "it is to save a soldier, like yourself."

"His name!" asked the sergeant.

"The Marquis de Sénancourt."

"Diable! then time presses. He arrived here last evening—he was condemned this morning—he dies day after to-morrow. Thus the king—or rather the Cardinal Mazarin wills. It is thus they serve brave soldiers, like Clarence and Iolens!"

"Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!" sighed Diana, as her head sank upon the shoulder of poor old Elisa—scarcely less moved than herself.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A REVOLUTIONARY DOCUMENT.

The following document may not be uninteresting to any of our readers, and will undoubtedly please many. It is a copy of the Proclamation issued in 1775, in Massachusetts, while the British troops had possession of Boston. We have copied it, preserving as far as possible the general style of the typography through the Boston Olive Branch, in which paper it is copied from the original.

A PROCLAMATION

For a Publick Thanksgiving.

A Proclamation in Consequence of the unnatural, cruel and barbarous Measures, adopted and pursued by the British Administration, great and distressing Calamities are brought on the united Countries, and on this Colony in particular, for real the dreadful effects of Civil War, by which America is stained with the Blood of her valiant Sons, who have greatly fallen in the laudable Defence of our Rights and Privileges.—Our Capital must the Seat of Justice, Opulence and Virtue, is miserably wrested from its proper Owners, who are obliged to flee from the Iron Hand of Tyranny, or are held in the unrelenting Arms of Oppression.—Our Sea Ports greatly distressed, and Towns burnt by the Foe, who have acted the Part of barbarous Incendiaries And although the wise and holy Governor of the World has, in his righteous Providence, and Dromight into this Colony, and wonderfully lessened the many of our Towns, yet we have the greatest Reason to adore, and praise his Supreme Benignity of Mercies, which, infinitely better with us than we deserve, and would all his righteous Acts remembered Means, by causing the Voice of Mercies to be heard amongst us.—Instead of Famine, afford ing to us plentiful Increase of the Productions of the Necessaries and Comforts of Life; in remarkably preserving and protecting our Troops when in opposed Danger, while our Enemies, with all their boasted Skill and Strength, have met with Disappointment, and Defeat;—and as the Cause of his good Providence, the Hearts of Men are kept fostered upon us, many other Favours, which call for our grateful Acknowledgments.

Therefore,

WE have thought fit, with the Advice of the Council of Representatives, to appoint Thursday, the twenty-third Day of November Instant, to be observed as a Day of publick *THANKSGIVING*, throughout the Colony; hereby calling upon Ministers and People, to meet for religious Worship on said Day, and humbly to offer up their unfeigned Praise to Almighty GOD, the Source and Increaseless Benefactor of all Good, for his affording the necessary Means of Subsistance, during our Commerce has been prevented, and the Supplies from the Fishery denied us;—That such a Measure of Health as enjoyed among us; that the Lives of Soldiers and Inhabitants have been so remarkably preserved, while our Enemies have fallen before them;—That the vigorous Efforts, which have been used in exercise the Graces encouraged the Wilderness, and move the Indians to Arms, that an unreasonable Insecurity might come upon the Frontiers, have been almost miraculously defeated;—That our constant Enemies, instead of Ravaging the Country with Impunity, are themselves and Comforts of Life; in remarkably preserving and protecting our Troops when in opposed Danger, while our Enemies, with all their boasted Skill and Strength, have met with Disappointment, and Defeat;—and as the Cause of his good Providence, the Hearts of Men are kept fostered upon us, many other Favours, which call for our grateful Acknowledgments.*

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United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

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☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Webster.

Notices of New Works.

THE PORTLAND PRIVATE LIFE OF LORD CHANCELLOR ELDON, with Selections from His Correspondence by Horace Twiss, Esq. Three volumes. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.—Chancellor Eldon was one of the few men who seem to retain their favorable name to the last moment of a long life. Born in 1751, he died in 1838, in his 87th year. In 1778 he was called to the bar; in 1788 appointed Solicitor General, in 1793 Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and in 1801 was appointed Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, which office he held until 1827, with the intermission of a few months, making altogether a period of nearly twenty-five years. He was created by the University of Oxford from 1801 till his decease.

In the records of a professional and public life, embracing a period of nearly twenty-five years, during the most momentous, diverse, and revolutionary of contemporaries, the reader will not need to be told that there is an ever fund of important, legal, historical, and political matter "raw," and anecdotic. It is a work of a description which we have frequently occasion to refer to in our history, and will find a most ready sale, and under demand for character as a jurist, ruler, statesman, and deep thinking up his decisions—his character as a man, in many points as enigma—and his every day life as the model for the attorney in all readers, but especially to the profession. And over the whole there is the characteristic warmth of personal, family and domestic affection, particularly when they have filled so prominent situations as he did, and glad to find what the best friend of the family and the indubitable of private life, when he is not made up for public observation.

REVIVAL OF WALTER. In another column will be found the advertisement of Smith's WEEKLY VOLUME, which we commend to the attention of all readers, and to those who remember the delightful series of books sent out every week by mail in "Walter's Select Circulating Library," will be expected to see the same plan of the same editor, but with better type and paper, and larger volumes. Those who do not possess the old numbers of "Walter" have now an opportunity of forming readily a library of their own, consisting of the best works of the day, in various departments, of Morris, Wanger, de Vigny, Bourgeois, Eugene Sue, Dumas, Soulie, &c., and at a price, by the year, less than the cost of a single book.

Heads of families have here an opportunity to introduce into the domestic circle, interesting and always unobjectionable books. The Editor will exercise the old address itself to the literary, and those possessed of the best qualifications of taste, as well as all who desire to keep in view, the discrimination of the agreeable, as well as the useful: there shall be no prosing Associations, but the whole shall be so entering from the commencement to the carefully concealed wickedness of the European press. The issue of the present week will show that there is a very large class with intelligence enough to relish the character of the day, when called from the trash.

The Weekly Volume will probably be the most valuable periodical ever published, and will be sold at 25 cents, containing, as it does, original literary matter and news, and an unusual variety of the literary market, in addition to the best matter.

GLEASON BOOKING ON BOOK AND CHILD. My Mis-Matrimonial. Philadelphia: G. B. Appleton. This is a little volume of rattling fun from the pen of Mr. Mrs. Frank Wood. Think Before You Act, Jack the Sailor Boy, and Uncle Harry—each excellent, and of unquestionable merit as understandable way to the feelings and sympathies of the little child. Either of the stories will please, and they may be procured in a separate volume. This work is got up with the assistance that characterizes all the publications of Mr. Gleason. Specimens of the Comic and Holiday Books may be found at this establishment as in the country.

HISTORY TALES. Philadelphia: George S. Appleton. Among the many very books for other offerings for children, which must meet with approbation of every one that is very worthy of its place. One story in it, Mr. Bull and Cow Jonathan, is, we are informed of high merit, well conceived, and in its particular, all capable of being used as a whole, every body will read it. It is a tale in the book for good—capital for sale companions, and will make a case to a child's library.

CASTLE DORAN, or, The Rechelor's Chronicles. A Domestic Legend. By W. G. Simms. Philadelphia: Zieber & Co. and T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—The title of the story is a caution to those neglectors of their duty who remain single, while there are so many ladies waiting to entice them, and the story is told in a way that will not prevent a most interesting manner.

TALES AND SKETCHES. The third number of Hewett's Illustrated edition of Leslie's Tales from Shakspeare, contains the story of Cymbeline. The thirty-second number of the Illustrated Shakspeare contains the comedy of Errors. Both these beautiful printed works are supplied by T. B. Peterson, and Brother, Zieber & Co.

THE RECORD GARNETTER. PRIDE OR PRINCIPLE, and FAMILY PRIDE are the titles of three little books, published by J. Griffith, Philadelphia. They are the work chiefly by the same hand, and contain good lessons, conveyed in a pleasing and winning style. The cities suggest their moral and industry.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF GOOSEBERRY. By Peneb Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1844. 12mo. pp. 180.—This is another draught on the apparently inexhaustible mine of fun which Penn has opened, and which is varied and ornamental. It is illustrated with engravings as common as the text.

REVISE DICTIONARY. N York: Benton. Philadelphia: Zieber & Co. The second number of this work has appeared, and it seems to us an improvement upon the first. If conducted and kept up according to its intention, it will be a popular and acceptable magazine.

THE BANNER OF THE SOUTH.—Parts seven and eight of a picture of the Constitution, have been received by the Philadelphia publisher. Wm. J. Cunningham.

A MELANCHOLY PICTURE.

Our readers remember that the mysterious murders were published some time since, of the merchant at Wordsville, Mississippi, caused by the jealous fear of his wife's paramour, Mr. Richardson, a countryman, in a late number of his paper, presents the following pathetic and touching description of the effects of the epidemic—

Our heart is heavy and almost desolate our spirits dull within us, as we sit and write the sad story of the scenes of the last few weeks. We have been crowded from the brink of the grave, and pursuing in loathsome and exhaustion our fee from the door way, we have turned from the "old familiar faces"—but we see them no more. The eyes that beamed upon us in joyful welcome, will look upon us no more. The voices eloquent and harmonious, to which we loved to listen, are still, and the hands that have spoken the warm heart's friendship in their manly pressure, all still and cold, and closed upon those faithful bosoms whence we have been accustomed to derive counsel and encouragement, now as still and unfeeling as the sleep that let above them.

"We call, but they answer not again," and friendship and love in all their anguish seemed constrained to mourn!

"Do they love us yet?"

But the question falls without an echo and no answer comes back from that place where our friends at first were wont to meet and mingle with us, have gone. We look around us. Many, long beside them, are the vacant seats we gathered into one neighborhood the old and the young—the rich and the poor—the joys and hopes and anxieties of life forgotten; and the tenements that held those fiery spirits are as quiet now as if they had never been—and the cold dust and parent of that dust with which they now mingle.

The terrible disease has robbed us of many of the very best citizens of which we could boast. With the grasp of an invisible Hercules its almighty hand came down upon the hearts of men, crushing out the very spark of life, our people were well aware that their friends were in danger. Then came the sound and sight of woe, such as our little village never encountered before. The awful censer to echo forth its clang, the sledge was unfilled, the hollows breathed out the fear of the fortunes that could

The sow, the plane, and the hammer grew still. Merchants shut up their stores, and walked home to die. No sound came upon the ear, save the click of the hammer, or the grating of the saw, as the undertaker hastily threw together the last narrow withdrawing room of poor mortality. Then there was suffering. Disease and death soon had a free majority, and the very few that remained to take care of the many sick, looked more like the ghosts of those who had died, than living men and women.

People fled into their homes in fright and consternation. Every thing seemed to partake of the awful terror. The heavens of the sun turned yellow, the sky was of a pale ashy green, and for six weeks the thick and warm came from the north and east incessantly, with a dull, heavy, sickening odor, that loaded the nerves of the healthy. Our streets were deserted.

The grass had fair to spring up where merry feet had passed, and where laughter was heard. Yet there was one road on which no grass grew. It led to the grave yard. Along that track the hearse continually passed, and was never permitted to rest. Followed by a few friends of those within it, and all obliged to walk in the gutter again, that it let the following cavalcade, that struggled hard to follow, must go, pale, half-sick creatures, expecting their last strength to this last sad office. Nothing of a deed seem to be performed too many of them, by citizens as feeble as themselves.

But the disease has nearly ceased its ravages—only because there are no more subjects for it to act upon. Death has swept his field, Yet there was one road on which no grass grew. It led to the grave yard. Along that track the hearse continually passed, and was never permitted to rest. Followed by a few friends of those within it, and

Selected Poetry.

THE OLD APPLE TREE.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

I am thinking of the homestead
Of its low and rambling roof,
And the apple trees that nestled it,
And the sunshine on the shingles,
And the moss that clothed them well.
I am thinking of the lilac trees
That shook their purple plumes,
And where the mad, wild roses
Had forgotten to climb and bloom.

I am thinking of the orchard
With the cool and silvery dew
Of the old grey rock that shadowed it,
And the pepper mint in blow.
I am not and was not myself,
For memories will come,
In leave me not to unbend
And let me think of home.

There was not around my birth-place,
A thicket or a flower,
But childish game or friendly face,
Has given it a power.
And I am not what I was in life,
And let with me again,
A sweet and pleasant memory,
Of mingled joy and pain.

But the old and haunted apple tree,
That stood beneath the hill,
My heart can never turn to it,
But with a pleasant thrill.
Oh, what a drowsy life I led,
Beneath its tall green shade,
Where the daisies and the butter-cups,
A pleasant carpet made!

'Twas a rough old tree, in spring time,
When with a blossoming mass,
The wind came lazily sweeping
Along the fleecy grass!
But when these rose a tivelry
Of voices loud and proud,
'Till the cumbline and the cat-dogs
Came hurrying through a crowd.

That patriarch old apple tree
Enjoyed the lonely scene,
The sun sprang lightly through its tops,
The dew was on its green.
A flood of pink and tender buds
Blow o'er each rugged bough,
And all around the mossy roots
The robins made their nest.

That tree was very beautiful
When all the trees were green,
And rose buds in a greeting
Amid their tender sheen
When the bright blossoms of June drop
Their blossoms in they fall,
And nestled in their fragments
Like snow in a shell.

That tree was glorious in the summer time,
When cheerful sunlight wore,
And its dark shadow on the grass
Was warm and glowing o'er.
When the sun poured their blended rudddy,
To summer's balmy breath,
And the laden bough drooped heavily,
To the abnormal enchantment.

'Twas brightest in a rainy day,
When all the apples lay
Were piled with flowery moss-clouds,
That were all covered over.
When a cool and falling melody,
Fell from the dripping eaves,
And soft, warm drops came pattering
Upon the rustling leaves.

But, oh, the scene was glorious,
When leaves were lightly thrown,
And down my valley home,
Came out the sun of Heaven.
And in its fitful brilliancy,
Its golden light and shade,
Each of those old companions,
Reflected through the sky.

I am thinking of the footpath,
That led to the village school,
Between the old homestead,
And that lofty apple shade.
Where the flow of distant waters
Came with a trickling sound,
Like the revels of a fairy band,
Beneath the fragrant ground.

I beseech it or remember,
And dreamily would lie,
And watch the cumbrous wagon,
Creak slowly by the sky.
Upon several to see its drag grind
Of ale up the dusky leaves,
To hear the wheels commencing
Beneath the distant caves.

I have listened to the murmur
A low, sweet minstrelsy,
Till my very heart has grown full,
That formed that old tree.
'Till my heart has swelled with feelings
For which I had no name,
A yearning love of poesy,
A thirsting after fame.

I have grazed up through the foliage,
And watched the fearful rents,
And with a holy reverence,
Drank in the changeful scenes.
'Till the burning suns were propped
With forms of green and gold,
And I've almost heard their harp-strings'
Reverberate as cold.

From the Magazines.

FROM THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

THE BLIND PREACHER AND THE BRITISH SPY.

Many of our readers recollect the rapturous tribute paid by the late William Wirt, in one of the letters of his "British Spy," to the natural eloquence of the "Blind Preacher," the Rev. James Waddell. One admires, if he can philosophize, but Jesus Christ died like a God." He died a thousand times, as he said along, to imitate it, but in vain. Ever since he wrote his glowing description, there has been the deepest interest felt in the Blind Preacher. A memoir of him is now in preparation by Mr. Alexander of Princeton, which will appear in one of the journals of this city. The following touching sonnet he has received, ton to said will be read with pleasure by every one.—[Ed. Mess.

To the Editor of the Southern Lit. Messenger.

SIR.—The following paper was lately brought to my notice in the possession of the author, a descendant of the "Blind Preacher." It was written, as it appears, during the life of Mr Wirt, and designed for a private communication to him. The amiable modesty of the writer, which led him to withhold it from its original destination, would have detained it still on his hands, limited to the rendings of his own family. At my earnest solicitation, however, he has submitted it to my disposal, and I hasten to communicate it to your columns, confident that you will agree with me in the opinion that the touching sense it so graphically records, should be given to the world, transmitted as a part of the well authenticated history of the "Blind Preacher."

Respectfully yours,
W. E. BAILEY.

Nanzatico, July 16, 1844.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE BRITISH SPY.

The distinguished notice you have taken of the Rev. James Waddell, of Virginia, in the 9 character of the "Blind Preacher," has induced me to give you some account of an event connected by me, and which forms an era in his life. I refer to the restoration of his sight. I do this with less reserve, since it is generally understood that the whole boy had been long a warm friend of the subject of his notice and that his removal from the vicinity of the Blind Preacher, in whose hospitable mansion he had remained under my care, was principally that he him unconformed of the event to which I have alluded, and of the circumstances of both I propose to detail. You have described with pen and while surveying the rude entrance of a former pupil endeavoring an unconscious attitude of eloquence which might captivate colate and win the admiration of grave Senates. The intalents to which I refer were more ture—in his mind and in the mind of his family. For eight years he had been blind, a stranger equally to the cheerful light of day and the cheering faces of kindred and friends. It will readily be supposed, that to me there had been a deep interest felt in the blind Preacher, whose inexplicable manners he had remarked under many and various circumstances, and which led me to attribute to him a genius of no ordinary character. The subject had for me the charm of romance, and I was prepared to greet. You have described both I presented myself at the door, and was forbidden admittance by the servant, who, in reply to my request to see his master, informed me that he had retired under the influence of a powerful opiate, and could not be disturbed. I left the house full of reflections. I had been always awed by the solemn sanctity and personal dignity of the Blind Preacher. The yearning solicitude which I had just witnessed of such a father over his children, seen now the first time after the dreary blindness of years, had melted my feelings. My imagination took flight, and passing rapidly through time, was conducted by the incidents of the last day to the resurrection day: when the saint of God, throwing off the trammels of the tomb, with quickened vision and more than mortal solicitude, casts around for the children of his

Q. P. F.

* The late Dr. Hall, of S. C.

FROM THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE.

TWO UNPUBLISHED POEMS OF THE LATE THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

[The following two poems, which we have taken from some MS. from time to time, subjects our papers, we are sure will command attention. They are from the pen of one of the earliest contributors to the Metropolitan, and subscribers of English literature. They have never been published, either here or in England, and as memorials of their honored author, are precious.

REGRETS

'Tis past! yes, but not the late spoken
The sentence that tells us to part
The vow that is broken, the token
And wish it another had been!
The thoughts that are cherished in fancy,
The hopes that are blighted in truth,
The vanish I cherished in vain,
Will never be realized, ah! no.

Had I loved her less fondly—less truly,
Or thought her less worthy to prize,
Had I been of less tender sincerity,
We had not been parted so lightly.
But her arts gaily commence will tell her,
My vows could no evil suggest
Every look, every word that I gave her,
Spoke truth—and she broke my breast.

Oh! who shall call woman's love lasting,
Since false they have proved to me?
The pange of the heart she is blasting,
In her day of triumph shall be.
Then oh-ne, ere one late, her sad glances,
Aroud, and behold what I feel,
And, believe me, if ever I'm false,
Then laden better, be happy to part.

FOUR TIMES MET

We met!—'twas in a happy hour,
I pass a lovely maid;
'Twas in the own secluded bower
In hearing of the sparkling rill,
Of morning waters dropping down
And while I gazed, I thought that she
Of nature was the fairest creature—
Of leaves and flowers, and trees.

We met again!—no green bought was I
Stood near her side,
The face was on my heart engraved—
Those hopes in my soul were fled
But other friends the soft hands press,
And others by her smiles were blest—
But not a single glance was ever—

We met again!—'twas in the void,
Cold winter time! the happy dream
Love to rest—all cold
Had been dispelled. Hope's golden gleam
Had vanished from my view,
A colder star was in the sky,
Had won from by a fairer's breath,
Yet we'd meet a little more kind of grace
Than before.

Once more we met—the same—alone,
And pale thy brow, and fair thine eye,
But the bad left me cold,
With all—not fame or sorrow and de-
My cast, and my pride,
Forgotten each cold word and look
Thy bosom to my chilling,
And words of consolation spoke
To me.

But death's cold hand was in thy heart,
And vanish from my sight,
And a late cold sigh of thine
Was the last I ever heard.
Thus through life we met and parted,
Yet I forget—forgave thee all,
And when thou art gone away for fair,
Till mercy's hand and bosom the same,
Between the worldwide star and me.

Our Scrap Book.

A HUNTSMAN'S ADVENTURE.—A couple of days since, a gentleman who had been out on the last week presented to "Will Long," the exhibitor, a handsome fat buck, which he had shot. At dinner at Petty Frances, by a number of gentlemen in the habit of passing the Rubicon-rounds. In returning the head to the keeper Long was seen drunk—long mad.—For its years it bounds belonging in his Grace and I assure you, the other day at make your calculations on the subject. The result is that during the season of pheasant, I have killed 1,000 miles. [Cheers.] The number of leaps are has literally escaped. I have had no accurate calculation. [Laughter.] I have had in one to leave the ground, and passing the Rubicon-sounding animal. The sun rose about 4 o'clock and was not yet visible. Five minutes had elapsed before the sun appeared in the east, and which a master's head might have been proud to sketch. How I regretted that the muscle of some Hogarth or Michael Angelo had not fallen upon me: then had my feelings, each lower than other of the lady of the house were produced, and the sun commenced his course in earnest, ring to shame his aged antagonist, who, perceiving that the battle was lost, called me by name the buttons he should touch on life advertiser's coat, and the latter adapted to the sex—a sixteenth corrected, named the number of the buttons; which St. George touched in the first attempt. The servant opened the full out of the inexperienced hand of the beaster, who, elevated by success, whose, with immediate satisfaction: when St. George quietly and saddle the stag, and left him herewell! come; you may still live to serve your country by excellent you have not yet killed him.—I am that very person who could not at any time prove a match for you."—*Dr. Millington's Mystery of Dwelling.*

Selected Sketches.

EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURE OF FRANCOEUR, THE LUNATIC.

Some years ago, there was stationed on the island of Ratmoun, the centre of three islands in the Gulf of Marseilles, and the most detached of the three, an invalid of the name of Francoeur, who, with his wife and children and another invalid, composed the whole population of the island. This man had been somewhat deranged in his mind, and confined in the Hotel de St. Lazare, near Marseilles, a hospital for the reception of lunatics; but, after a time was discharged as perfectly cured. His comrades, who knew his weak, however, perceived that he began to show symptoms of derangement, sent information of it to the Governor, who lived in the three islands, who resided on one of them, and who, on the 1st of May, 1838, visited them, choosing to attempt seizing Francoeur himself, for fear of exciting a revolt in the minds of the whole party to appear before him, hoping, in this way, to get the lunatic quietly and without difficulty; and the most powerful men in the island with the rest to obey the summons; but, at the moment of their approach, Francoeur, who was now gained upon with deeper interest, and presented a greater variety of beauties than ever. Indeed the mountain scenery ever after continued to delight my mental powers; whether my attention had not before this been exercised in the study of nature, or that the progressive faculty, linking the prospect with the sympathetic pleasures previously enjoyed, had thrown around them a pleasing delusion, I am unable to decide. Delusion apart, however, this much is certain, that the impression was a delightful repose, distinguished not only by the natural advantages of fertile soil, salubrious climate and beautiful scenery but by a race noted for the social virtues and for a high order of intellect.

Next to the individual whom I had left exercising a new born vision upon the external world, the first object that attracted me was now gazed